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CONGRATULATIONS ONCE MORE to Secretary Stimson on his sensible settlement of the Karolyi case! Faced by the stupid decision of Secretary of State Kellogg, his predecessor, at the time of the earlier application in 1925—a decision that did violence to the best traditions of American liberty—he was in a position of some embarrassment. He met it like a man by a square reversal, covered by a diplomatic phrase or two about this being a new application. Americans need no longer blush at mention of the names Kossuth and Karolyi.

SECRETARY WILBUR'S plans for the distribution of Boulder Dam power are so much better than his earlier announcements portended that the advocates of public ownership may well congratulate him. He had previously given the impression that the government might sell only the water at the dam and leave the construction of power houses and the transmission of power to private companies. Now he proposes that the government should build the power house, allow California municipalities to instal the machinery, and then allocate 50 per cent of the power to the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California (a group of municipalities), 25 per cent to the city of Los Angeles, and 25 per cent to the Southern California Edison Company. Nevada and Arizona would be given a chance to obtain a percentage of this power when they needed it. The pessimistic theory spread by the power companies that no one would want Boulder Dam on terms that would pay back the government's investment in fifty years evaporated in the face of the first definite offering of power. The Southern California Edison interests asked for all the power that the dam could produce on the government's own terms, and California municipalities also wanted a 100 per cent allocation. Meanwhile, before the final hearing on the government's plan on November 12 we would like to ask Secretary Wilbur two questions: Why does not the federal government itself instal the machinery in its Boulder Dam power house instead of leaving that installation to California lessees, especially since it is estimated that this would save $3,000,000? Why should not *all* the power generated at Boulder Dam be sold to public bodies?

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to cherish vindictive feeling toward the sick and broken old man who was wheeled out of Justice Hitz's courtroom last week bearing on his head the infamy of a deserved conviction for accepting a bribe while Secretary of the Interior of the United States. Nevertheless the conviction of Mr. Fall is an occasion for gratitude on the part of every decent citizen. If it were now to be followed by the conviction of his fellow-criminal, the bribe-giver, that gratitude would be doubled. For the outcome of this trial the main credit, as is indicated by the angry comment of Mr. Doheny and defense attorney Hogan, should be given to Justice William Hitz of the District of Columbia Supreme Court. His action demonstrates that a determined and upright judge can nullify all the resources of money and legal talent. He deflated the theatricals of defense lawyers and excluded specious pleas for sympathy. It is no coincidence that the only two verdicts of guilty by juries in the oil cases have been rendered in his court.

UNDER THE BLOWS of the coalition and the revelations of the lobby investigating committee the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill continues to crumble. Mr. Grundy's frank avowal that he helped raise $600,000 in Pennsylvania to elect Mr. Coolidge and $1,000,000 to put Mr. Hoover into office, and his unblushing expectation of getting his money's worth have not helped make the measure popular. We have already pointed out the overwhelming character of the coalition's victory on the administrative sections of the bill; but in chronicling Senator Cutting's magnificent fight against customs censorship of obscene and seditious literature, by an error we failed to note his success in having stricken from the list of works banned the loose and dangerous categories of books advocating "treason" and "insurrection." It has been pointed out that the real test of the coalition would come when the rate schedules were reached, and that the brethren would desert in order to get the loaves and fishes for hungry constituents. Doubtless they will, but up to the time of writing the lines have yielded on only one important item, calcium carbide, of interest to the power companies.

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MURDERING STRIKERS in Gaston County, North Carolina, is not a crime punishable by law. That became clear when the men who were charged with killing Ella May Wiggins while she was on her way to a strike meeting in Gastonia were released by the same grand jury which had indicted a score of strike leaders for first-degree murder because an unidentified person in the confusion of a night-time skirmish in a tent colony shot Police Chief Aderholt. The spirit of that grand jury is well reflected by an editorial which appeared in the Gastonia *Gazette* after the conviction of the seven Communists and strikers for the murder of Aderholt: "It will not be safe for any so-called labor agitator to be caught nosing around here any time soon. The folks here are simply not going to put up with it any longer." If this is not proof that class justice dominates Gastonia we do not know the meaning of words. Yet it should be remembered that the Gastonia *Gazette* does not represent the opinion of all North Carolina. Governor Gardner has appointed Judge P. A. McElroy to sit as an examining magistrate in a further investigation of the Wiggins case and has posted a four-hundred-dollar reward, the largest allowed by law, for the arrest and conviction of the guilty persons. The Western North Carolina Conference of Methodists has voted for the abolition of night work and for a thorough federal investigation of the textile industry.

FROM THE FINANCIAL POINT of view there is no reason why the workers employed in the Marion cotton mills cannot be given a substantial wage increase. An investigation of the trade reports of business operations in these mills was made for the United Textile Workers by the Labor Bureau, Inc., of New York City, and, according to this report, the balance sheet of the Marion Manufacturing Company shows an extraordinarily strong position. At the close of business on December 31, 1928, the company owed only $28,430, whereas its assets amounted to $1,169,925—of which all but about $5,000 was in tangible assets. Cash and United States treasury notes alone amounted to $162,870, or enough to pay all debts more than five times over. The net worth of the corporation at the close of the last calendar year was $1,141,494, consisting of $750,000 capital and $391,494 surplus. The book value of each of the 7,500 shares of $100 par value stock was therefore approximately $152. Included in the balance sheet, under liabilities, is an item of $10,389 for "federal income taxes," undoubtedly the tax due for profits made during 1928. This means that during that year the company must have earned about $100,000 after all expenses, including any interest paid, salaries to officers, and depreciation. Of this $100,000 a total of $14,469 went for federal and State of North Carolina income taxes, leaving approximately $85,500 as net profit after all expenses, depreciation, and taxes. This is equal to about $11.50 a share for holders of stock.

COMMUNISM, LEST WE FORGET, is still a crime in California. Five women and one man have recently been convicted of "conspiracy to display a red flag or other emblem of opposition to organized government." In an early issue of *The Nation,* Upton Sinclair will give a full account of the case, but the main facts are these: Last summer a group of working people in Los Angeles who wished their children to have the benefit of pure air rented a shack in the mountains near San Bernardino. Forty children were sent to the camp in charge of six women. One man, Isidor Berkowitz, went along to do the heavy work. Soon a red flag adorned with the hammer and sickle which the children had made was floating above the camp in the free mountain air. The news reached the large ears of the super-patriots who inhabit California. There followed a raid and a trial. As a result Yetta Stromberg must spend one to ten years in San Quentin prison. Four of her women companions received sentences of six months to five years. Only the man escaped. Isidor Berkowitz, World War veteran who was partially incapacitated in a gas attack, hanged himself in jail the night before he was to be sentenced.

IF EDOUARD DALADIER succeeds in forming a viable Cabinet in France it will be an event of importance for several reasons. It will mean that the Government definitely gains its support from the Left side of the Chamber; for the first time since the war-time days of "sacred union" the Socialists will participate in the Government. They gave a tacit support to the Herriot Government in 1924, but they refused to accept the responsibility of seats in the Ministry. This in itself is an event of some importance; but perhaps of even more psychological significance is the fact that Daladier is France's first real post-war premier. Alone of the great European countries, France has continued to be ruled by pre-war men and pre-war mentalities. Poincaré was one of the makers of the World War; Briand—though he has in recent years shown a capacity to evolve toward a European mind—is another skilled politician whose mind was molded as a pre-war premier. Herriot was mayor of Lyons ten years before the war and a cabinet minister in 1915. Daladier, born in 1884 (four years after Herriot, twenty-two after Briand, twenty-four after Poincaré, forty-four after Clemenceau), did not enter politics until after the war. A baker's son, himself a school-teacher, he was elected to the Chamber in 1919, accompanied Herriot to Russia a few years later, became Minister of Colonies in the Herriot Cabinet, introduced the bill for resumption of trade relations with Russia, served in later cabinets as Minister of War and Minister of Public Instruction, and in 1927 led the movement within his own (the so-called Radical Socialist) party to refuse participation in the Poincaré coalithe ministry.

A "GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT" having been reached on the subject, Mr. Chick Meehan, coach of the New York University football team, announces that he will not play his star player, Dave Myers, in the game against the University of Georgia on November 9. Myers is a Negro; the Georgia players are Southern gentlemen. Was a formal protest made to the N. Y. U.? Oh, dear no! Did N. Y. U. ask the New York University Board of Athletic Control if it might play Myers anyway? Again, no. It was all done in a perfectly nice way, one gentleman to another. Somebody whispered that if Myers were allowed to play in a game with Southern gentlemen he might have his face stepped on or the Southern gentlemen might burst out crying and refuse to play, which, from the standpoint of the spectators, would probably be even less

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fun. Somebody else whispered back that it was all right, they hadn't meant to play Myers anyway. So it was all arranged and would have passed off quietly without any fuss except that the newspapers heard about it and thought it was news. And in a sense it was news; for on several other occasions in which a Northern football team with a Negro player has scheduled a Southern team, the latter has been told politely but firmly that if it did not care to play a Negro it need not play at all. Apparently Mr. Chick Meehan did not think of that, which is a great pity.

MOORFIELD STOREY'S death removes one of the finest figures in American life, one of the few remaining men who embodied the best American traditions and lived up to them. Upon his gravestone should be written: "He was the friend of all oppressed." Beginning life as private secretary to Senator Charles Sumner, he naturally acquired an interest in the colored people which he maintained until his death. Repeatedly he gave his legal services without charge to carry to the Supreme Court of the United States cases upon which the economic and political freedom of the Negro depended. One of the founders and for many years the head of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, he is surely entitled to the gratitude of every colored American. To the cause of the Indian and to civil service reform his service was likewise of utmost value. During the days of our subjugation of the Philippines his voice, together with those of Carl Schurz, George S. Boutwell, Charles Eliot Norton, William G. Sumner, and others spoke for the conscience and the moral integrity of the American people. One of Harvard's most distinguished graduates, he was far too outspoken, as in his protest against the football evil, and too dissentient in his political views to be really popular in that institution. But his profession honored him.

Wall Street's Crisis

IN five hours of hysterical trading on October 24 nearly thirteen million shares were sold on the New York Stock Exchange—four million more than had ever been handled in a single day—and over six million on the New York Curb; an amazing total of over nineteen million shares with an estimated loss of several billions of dollars. It was a record day in the history of the Stock Exchange and, coming as a climax to more than three weeks of declining prices, it was most disastrous in hammering down security values. Nor did it stop with one day's trading. We have not yet seen the end of the decline. How narrowly the market escaped catastrophe one can only conjecture, for at a crucial moment in the day's trading the combined support of J. P. Morgan & Company, the National City Bank, the Chase National Bank, and the Guaranty Trust Company came to its aid. But even this quartet was not enough four days later. Every great New York bank then pledged its help.

It was a combination of fear and mob psychology that carried the debacle to the absurd lengths it reached; but obviously the market must have been extremely vulnerable to offer so little resistance. For why should this sudden hysteria, this utter lack of confidence, spread like wild-fire into every important financial center at a time when the country as a whole is enjoying at least a normal prosperity? The explanation lies, of course, in the speculative mania that has so long dominated the thinking of the financial community and in that time has jockeyed the prices of certain securities up to extravagant levels. This speculative spirit has long assumed that nothing could ever interrupt the greatest bull market on record.

Careful observers repeatedly pointed out that many stocks were selling at prices ridiculously high and wholly unwarranted by present or prospective earnings. It is no exaggeration to say that a number of the issues selling at from 30 to 50 times annual earnings thoroughly discounted prospects and income for a decade ahead. Of course these high selling ratios and high hopes were inspired for some time by rumors of mergers, stock dividends, split-ups, and similar stunts, but after a while when the hoped-for profits did not materialize the illusion began to pale. We have already commented on the action of the Massachusetts Department of Public Utilities in issuing a sweeping decision disapproving the plan of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston to split its stock and change its par value. As a result the stock dropped about a hundred points and upset the whole utility list. The undeniable justice of the Massachusetts Commission's decision and its probable application to a great many other grossly inflated stocks were factors influencing the market just before the break.

It needs no profound analysis to reveal what part was played by the deluge of new securities which has flooded the market this year. During the first nine months of 1929 nearly ten billions of dollars in new securities were floated, while in September alone these totaled $1,615,000,000—125 per cent more than in any previous September on record. And of this enormous total over one billion was made up of issues of investment trusts—making a total of more than $2,200,000,000 of this nature issued in 1929. No wonder then that brokers' loans advanced about $600,000,000 in September, during a decline in stock prices that should have brought them down about $600,000,000! Thus the Gargantuan fare since January 1 has created a large lump of undigested—possibly indigestible—securities. The "new-era" speculator, of course, had a much more bullish theory about this huge financing of investment companies. His contention was that these investment trusts would constitute a great force for stabilization in the markets. How disappointed he must have been at the apparent disposition of the investment trusts in the present instance to stand aloof and let the market shift for itself.

Together with these more or less definite and fundamental weaknesses in the market's position was the unsettling situation which Colonel Leonard P. Ayres termed "the creeping bear market." As he pointed out, more stocks on the New York Exchange have declined since the first of the year than have advanced, and although the fact was somewhat concealed in the averages, the situation was none the less apparent in the repeated periods of uncertainty and irregularity in trading.

Undoubtedly this so-called "healthy reaction" will do much toward sobering Wall Street's speculative enthusiasm and establishing more realistic standards of stock values. It is a costly process, however, for the thousands, wise or unwise, who have had their accounts wiped out.

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The Romance of the Waterways

THERE was a dignity, a certain epic quality, about Mr. Hoover's passage down the Ohio River upon the opening of its new nine-foot channel that is lacking at the usual Presidential cornerstone layings and monument dedications. "La Belle Rivière" of the French, or the Indians' "River of Many Whitecaps," did its bit. The Presidential party left Cincinnati in a driving rain, which became almost a gale as their flat-nosed, stern-wheeled craft steamed down the dark river by night and finally was made fast against the mud banks of the Indiana shore to await the dawn. Nobody in the party could have failed to catch some of the spirit of the early pioneers who paddled canoes or poled ungainly flatboats down the tawny river in the infancy of American history, halting for the night along the same mud banks of the interminably flowing highway. Mr. Hoover himself was at his best. Less the President and more the engineer, he talked with ease of things familiar to him, and spread the enthusiasm for inland waterways which has long been part of his creed.

There is a mysterious intimacy about a river which gives a special quality of life to the communities along its banks. A seaport touches only a crumbling edge of the ocean; all the joy and terror, the romance and reality of the wide waters lie somewhere beyond the horizon. Men go out and come back with strange tales, or go out and never come back at all, but most of a seaport's inhabitants live their lives ashore and know the ocean only at second hand. A river community is different. It is a part of the stream it touches. It sees all of the flowing pageant; it knows all of the river's moods and changes. To the seaport the ocean is at best a distant stepfather; to the inland community the river is a fostering mother, gathering her children to her bosom and making their life inseparable from her own. Not without reason are some rivers worshiped by the people along their banks; the flow is in truth the water of life.

Nor is any river in our country more closely associated with American history, more intimately connected with the growth of the soil, than the Ohio. The name Mississippi River has been bestowed in an arbitrary and misleading way. Historically, and perhaps geographically, the Ohio and the Mississippi are one stream, to which other waters are tributaries. The Ohio River was the means above all others by which the Middle West was explored and settled. As Sherwood Anderson puts it: "In its youth the Middle West had breathed with the breathing of a river." In 1800 a seagoing vessel, the 110-ton brig St. Clair, was built at Marietta, Ohio. Its owners sent it downstream to New Orleans, thence to Havana, and from there to Philadelphia, where it was sold. A few years later Pittsburgh had developed a thriving industry in the building of seagoing vessels. The first commercially successful steamboat on the Ohio River was the New Orleans, built at Pittsburgh in 1811. This craft made a trip to Natchez, where it was sold for use on the lower river. It was doubted then if a steamboat could return against the current, but in 1816 the steamboat Enterprise made the round trip between Louisville and New Orleans.

The just-completed improvement of the Ohio River goes back to the appointment of the Inland Waterways Commission by President Roosevelt in 1907. Three years later Congress passed the act under which the dredging, the dams, and the locks have finally been completed that insure a nine-foot channel in the river all the year around. This will not bring back the old steamboating days, but it will open a 2,000 mile waterway between Pittsburgh and New Orleans to motor barges which can carry bulk freight at less than half its cost when shipped by rail.

We are not hopeful of the revival of canals in this country in the near future, successful as they are known to be abroad. The railroads killed the canals and they are probably strong enough to prevent their revival on a successful basis. The impossibility of obtaining favorable routing arrangements with the railroads is probably the chief cause of the failure of New York State's barge canal to live up to the expectations of its sponsors, although Governor Roosevelt pointed out the other day that the tonnage on that waterway had increased 60 per cent in the last five years. But although canals themselves do not now present a happy prospect, the outlook is more hopeful for the development of our great river and lake systems, which are extensive enough to have a great measure of independence. Mr. Hoover looks to the eventual improvement of 9,000 miles in the Mississippi River system and proposes to add $20,000,000 a year to our present appropriation of $85,000,000 for inland waterways. Of this, $10,000,000 would be for the improvement of the St. Lawrence River, in conjunction with Canada, so that large-sized ocean vessels might have access to the Great Lakes. In his Louisville speech Mr. Hoover was apparently inspired to say on the moment (the remark did not appear in the text sent in advance to the press) that the annual increase which he proposed for waterways amounted to only half of the cost of one battleship, and we might be happy enough to save the sum as a result of the forthcoming conference in January on naval limitation.

As Secretary of Commerce and chairman of the United States St. Lawrence Commission, Mr. Hoover went on record in 1926 as favoring the improvement of the St. Lawrence. He has now placed the weight of the Washington Administration behind that proposal as against the scheme for converting the New York barge canal into a deep waterway between the Atlantic Ocean and the Great Lakes. As far as the Mississippi River system goes, the outlook is already good. Common-carrier transportation on the Mississippi was taken over by the federal government when the United States entered the World War, but proved a failure under the Inland and Coastwise Waterways Service. The job was then given to the Army Engineer Corps, and has been successfully reorganized under Major-General T. Q. Ashburn. The work of the future seems to be to obtain and maintain the right kind of boats and develop satisfactory feeders for cargo. Nature may be depended upon to supply the water, for so far as we can see Ol' Man River is destined to keep right on rollin' along.

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Destroy the Stadiums!

YES, tear them down! For more than twenty-five years college athletics and the forces behind them have been making college education progressively impossible for athletes—or anybody else; and today those forces are more strongly intrenched than ever. Every real educator in the colleges knows it, and by the thousands they have struggled manfully against these forces that have been transforming our colleges from educational institutions into factories for the production not only of high-powered "amateur" athletes but of competent bond salesmen and glib Rotarian commentators on current happenings. Eager students, with the aid of no less eager teachers, still succeed in educating themselves, it is true—and in increasing numbers, we believe. But to a large extent the American college machine today serves no important educational purpose.

Among the fat defenders of that machine, who inhabit largely the offices of presidents and deans and alumni secretaries and chairmen of this, that, and the other, the Carnegie Foundation report on athletics fell like a sixteen-inch shell, scattering death and destruction. Small wonder that they rushed to cover. With the details of that report, important though they are, we do not concern ourselves. We are not interested in the comparative rightness of the way in which various colleges do things that are wrong in themselves because they prevent the colleges from doing their proper job. Lily-white Yale, for example, with a clean bill of health on recruiting and subsidizing, pleases us no better than Georgia and Fordham, with their professionalism unashamed; for Yale is just a particularly happy example of a bigger and better way of doing what ought not to be done, and the better it is done the worse for the only thing that really matters, namely, the quiet meeting of mind and mind that leads to education. We do not think it greatly important if, as the report points out, college practice in respect to most of the abuses cited has improved during the past twenty years. What does matter is that the commercial investment in athletics, with its attendant publicity, its exploitation of young men of brawn, and its resultant demoralization of college life, has enormously increased.

The most important sentence in the Carnegie report we have not yet seen quoted: "It is not the affair of the college or the university to reflect modern life." It is its affair to help its students understand and, as far as possible, ameliorate that life. In the mad rush to succeed, the colleges have become largely reflectors. As far as athletics go, the report places responsibility squarely where it belongs, on the shoulders of our faculties; at the last, they can have the institutions they want. But the athletic problem is only a part of a larger question which cannot be met by compromise, because it requires a flat and courageous choice between incompatible ends. There is a fresh educational interest among students. Have our faculties the courage and intelligence to rededicate our colleges to the age-old purpose of education, putting athletics into their proper minor place in such a scheme, though it involve, as it doubtless would, tearing down the stadiums? It is some such question that thousands of college teachers are asking.

Hey, Rube!

THE decline of "the road" is a topic of perennial but desultory discussion in theatrical circles. Recently, however, our enterprising contemporary the *Billboard* made a serious effort to discover just why this prosperous and allegedly "amusement mad" land of ours is rapidly becoming one in which the theater does not exist outside a few large cities. It sent a questionnaire to the dramatic editors of newspapers in all the towns having between 25,000 and half a million inhabitants, and it has now published a summary of the replies which is well worth pondering by theatrical interests as well as by the general public.

Naturally various causes for the decline are cited, prominent among them being the high cost of tickets, the demands of unionized stage hands, and the competition of the movies—which latter, by the way, have put vaudeville in a condition quite as precarious as that of the legitimate stage. The cinema interests have been accused of deliberately buying up regular theaters in order to keep them dark, and there is no doubt that they put great difficulties in the way of any manager who attempts to solve his financial problem by playing pictures on nights when no theatrical bookings are available. But there is obviously something wrong with an institution which succumbs so easily to the enterprise of a competitor, and it is interesting to note that the majority of the dramatic editors put the blame on the theatrical magnates themselves. These latter have not played fairly with their public. They have charged first-rate prices for second-rate companies, they have misrepresented facts in their publicity, and they have, in general, acted as though the good name of the manager and the good-will of the customer were worth nothing. Again and again those who answered the questionnaire said in various ways the same thing: "The people of my town have been fooled once too often."

Whatever the artistic sins of the moving-picture industry may be, it has for a long time been conducted upon business principles far more enligthened than those adopted by the legitimate theater. For fifty or seventy-five cents one may have a more comfortable seat in a cleaner theater than one is likely to get for four times the price in a regular playhouse, and one may be reasonably assured of politer treatment while one has been buying it. Much fun has been poked at the regimented ushers and the ornate lobbies of the movie palaces but they represent a shrewdly calculated reaction against the general indifference of the theater manager to the comfort of his public. There is something ironic in the adjective "legitimate" when it is used to distinguish the stage from the screen, for as a matter of fact the business of the former has been conducted upon far from "legitimate" lines. "Hey, Rube!" was the battle-cry of the old-time circus, and it still expresses the spirit of many managers of traveling companies. They come into a town to get as much as they can as quickly as they can, and when they have worked the suckers they depart. No wonder they have lost out to the local movie. At bottom it is a matter of what the trade journals call "showmanship," and there is no doubt which of the contending forces best understands what that means.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

THERE has been some talk of late that college football coaches should not be allowed to run their teams from the sidelines during the course of the game. There is room, I think, for argument upon this point but surely it is not excessive to say that the football coach ought not to be the boss of the college which employs him. This situation seems to exist at New York University. When the time approached for the game scheduled between N. Y. U. and the University of Georgia, some of the New York sporting writers began to comment on the fact that the star player on the local team was Dave Myers, a Negro. One or two of them expressed the opinion that N. Y. U. would probably leave the player out of the lineup in deference to the wishes of the Southern collegians.

This suggestion was flatly repudiated by Professor Giles T. Courtney, chairman of the Board of Athletic Control. The professor said roundly that the Georgians would have to play against Dave Myers or cancel the game. It seemed to him, then, that any other attitude upon the part of the New York University would be monstrous. The editor of the New York University *Daily News* took the same position. In a leading editorial the college journalist wrote:

> Professor Courtney's statement concerning Dave Myers, colored star of the Violet football team, which was printed yesterday in the *Daily News*, brings into the open a problem which has long been designated as officially taboo. The why and wherefore of this previous silence becomes relatively unimportant when we consider that the opprobrium which has gathered about our school because of this matter has been dispersed.
>
> The direct and straightforward nature of this announcement leaves no room for any further doubts. Perhaps the cynical scoffings of metropolitan sport columnists will cease, and perhaps New York University students will be able to keep their heads high when the problem is brought up in the future. Our only regret is that the statement was not issued far earlier.
>
> It has long been one of the blemishes on the standards of many Northern institutions that they have catered to the prejudices of certain Southern schools in the matter of color discrimination. Baldly stated, football teams from south of the Mason and Dixon line refuse to compete against teams in which no color line is drawn. Whether this is the case, or whether Northern colleges merely bench colored players in deference to Southern prejudices, doesn't matter. The evil exists, despite the fact that we label our age one of unprecedented liberalism and freedom from prejudice. . . . It is with great gratification that we see the shadow of the stigma removed from the Violet and we proudly hold up this action as a model for our neighbors to follow.

But these proud and gallant words were spoken before Chick Meehan, football coach for the university, had declared himself. The professor and the student body seemed to feel that it was their football team and that they had a right to speak for it. This was a delusion. Mr. Meehan reversed his field, both faculty and undergraduate, and announced to the newspapers that the Negro would not play against Georgia. He said that there had been a gentleman's agreement to this effect. Professor Courtney, who had spoken so boldly, immediately drew in his horns. In a letter to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People he stated: "The head football coach has full jurisdiction over the selection of his players for each game scheduled. I have learned from Coach Meehan that he does not expect to play Myers in the game on November 9."

In other words, the university abrogated its relationship to its own eleven entirely. The team belongs, admittedly, to Chick Meehan the hired coach. Perhaps in time such dictatorship may be diminished by alumni pressure. I have a communication from Dr. Joseph Girsdansky which I hope may be representative of the views of other graduates of the institution.

> I have just read [writes Dr. Girsdansky] that the firm up in the Bronx for which I used to work, N. Y. U., Inc., has been in danger of losing an important Southern account in Georgia. I used to work for the Bronx concern many years ago, when they were a small outfit. In those days our income wasn't much, but we kept the overhead down and we had no funds for advertising campaigns or expensive football superintendents, though we did have Werrenrath, Deems Taylor, and Newman Levy. These weren't money makers, but made a good though small seller for the church and artistic trades.
>
> For four years I was one of their traveling men in Eastern territory and covered many towns, large and small, selling the local firms our brand of basketball. As a matter of fact, this became one of our best sellers in those days. Our football, track, and baseball salesmen couldn't compete with most of the Eastern factories that had more capital, better stock, and a greater number of employees. Until today (for I am resigning) I have belonged to their branch of the Rotary Club, known as the Letter Club, composed of the better-grade workmen who, in lieu of bonuses or old-age pensions, are given the right to wear N. Y. U., the trade-mark of our business, on sweaters or overalls.
>
> The factory had a break in luck and found just the right man to put in charge of the football plant. They brought a fellow named Meehan from up the State, Syracuse or Utica or maybe Schenectady, and he has put us on the map, so that now we are a national concern, with customers South and West as well as East and North. In fact, it is rumored that the stock will be listed on the curb very shortly. Go bullish on it, it's a good buy.
>
> And now simply because Myers, one of our crack salesmen, happens to be a Negro, Georgia threatened to call off a deal we had with them in November. Some hotheads suggested suing, others an injunction or habeas corpus, but I am glad to report that the whole matter has been satisfactorily settled and the possible loss of $22,000 to $50,000 has been averted.
>
> The faculty, like all big-business men, disclaimed all knowledge of, or authority over, annoying details and left everything in the hands of Superintendent Meehan. Of course without Myers we'll probably lose the deal to Georgia, but we will at least save our $50,000 and our honor, so what the hell? And why anybody in this town should see any more of N. Y. U.'s games I can't see. Can you?

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Russia from a Car Window
I. The Observer's Problem

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I. Moscow

MOSCOW at last! The first impressions are utterly disappointing. The city is shabby, down at the heel, badly paved; it vividly suggests Berlin immediately after the war when every stucco building was faded, dirty, peeling, cracking. Gradually, however, the visitor begins to feel the charm of which foreign residents speak. When he returns to it the third time he finds himself moved and impressed. The Oriental in its architecture stirs him; the Kremlin's skyline appears as one of the most impressive and beautiful sights in the world; the Red Square, with that amazing Cathedral of Saint Basil, has a power and an originality not to be denied. Everywhere churches and separate buildings begin to stand out. Then one realizes that the worst pavements are a heritage from the Czar, that this is a capital in the remaking—that there have been far more important things to do than to lay pavements. For everywhere buildings are coming down and new ones going up; on the outskirts arise those great apartment houses for workmen which make it clear that, whatever else may be said of the Moscow of the Bolsheviks, it will never be stained with the infamy of those old-law tenements in New York, with their 250,000 windowless rooms which no authority has yet been able to wrench from the grasp of the private-profit-making landlords.

Moscow at last! At first one is stunned by the uniformity of the people in the street, all so much alike, all clad so much the same, all working people by their aspect. It is a human monotone one sees and hears, this state of, by, and for the workers. Then one begins to differentiate types, one passes beyond the uniformity; the children, most of them so well and strong and finely developed, take the eye. Earnestness, perhaps somberness, is here; some of my fellow-travelers say they see neither happiness nor smiles. There are few evidences of the joy of life. No cafes appear with well-fed, well-to-do people drinking wine and beer on the sidewalks; no gay night-clubs or balls; only a couple of resorts where one may hear gipsies sing and orchestras play at night. But then there are several large amusement parks, which are thronged by crowds intent on hearing operas and good plays, given side by side with some of the better amusements of a Luna Park. Yes, the gay worldly pleasures of the other great capitals of Europe are lacking. Moreover, life is hard for the many who are at odds with this strange, new order, and also for the sympathetic multitudes who have little or no margin left when they have purchased the bare necessaries of life.

Moscow at last! A city of riddles, but not of social contrasts. One sees automobiles here, Rolls-Royces, Lincolns, Packards, Buicks—all in the service of the government until such time as its great Moscow factory can produce all the Amo cars it needs and the proposed Ford plant in Nijni Novgorod shall be brought into being by American engineers—Rolls-Royces in amazing contrast to springless carts. One sees some palaces lived in by separate families, but they belong to the diplomatic corps. The rest are apartments, government offices, sanitaria, put to the use of the people as a whole. The stores are nearly all government institutions, with long queues of people waiting to buy despite the dangerously high cost of living and the limited stocks—some even buying jewels that the government offers for sale. People have grown habituated to queues—in good weather not a bad place to exchange gossip and news. Time still counts for little in Russia. The high prices? Yes, they are bad, but the Russians wear belts and can tighten them.

Moscow at last! One soon forgets that this is a communist experiment. The human side stands out so much more vividly and strikingly: the divorce courts; the marriage registry offices; the prisons where every convict gets an annual vacation and where he makes money for his family; the new homes; the workingmen's clubs; the many new cultural centers and schools; the Red Army; the great campaign to end all adult illiteracy; the crowds of working people in the art galleries and museums; the popular thirst for knowledge; all the evidences of a people set free mentally—these impress deeply. It is all so new, so genuinely thrilling, so overwhelming in its vividness that it is not easy to sleep when one finally goes to bed. Is this a titanic making over of the world which goes on under our eyes? Is it to mean, as some Americans in Moscow tell you, the real coming of Christianity on earth, the living of the Christ doctrine, or only another of the idealistic experiments of man who never is but always to be blest? Is it all to go down in more bloodshed and rapine precisely as it came into being in a welter of murder with brother at brother's throat?

Here the riddle. What Sphinx shall answer?

II. The Complexity of the Problem

"You have come," chorused the American correspondents when we reached Moscow, "to the most vital and interesting place in the world." To which one man added: "A German professor once wrote a book on the United States called 'The Land of Unlimited Possibilities.' This is the 'Land of Unlimited Contradictions.'" After I had been in Russia a few days, I wished to add also: "The Land of Unlimited Paradoxes."

"Going to write a book on Russia after you've been here four weeks?" was another greeting. Well, if one wishes to do a book on Russia it should be done in two or four or six weeks. If it is not composed then, it will not be written in three or four years, for the longer one stays in the land of the Soviets the more one doubts the value of one's own opinion, the more baffling become the contradictions and paradoxes. Nowhere is human testimony more conflicting and less reliable. You walk three blocks from your hotel and meet a trustworthy American you have known before,

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who has now been three or four years in Russia. He gives you a quiet, factual statement as to a certain phase of the problem. You leave him delighted. At last you have something tangible for the building of your own opinion.

Five minutes later you meet another American, equally trustworthy, equally sincere, equally desirous of giving you solid facts, also a resident for years. He stops you. You ask him his view of the situation discussed, and you receive precisely the reverse of the picture just painted for you. It is not a question of propaganda or a desire to mold your opinions; it is simply that the usual tendency of individuals to diverge in their accounts of the simplest happenings is here accentuated to a remarkable degree. Our boat lay at Samara. We came back to it after hours ashore. Some of us professional observers had compared notes and agreed that the people seemed well-fed and happy. There could be no question of any starvation there or bitter struggle for life; how few beggars there were and how splendid the children looked!

At that moment there appeared another of our company. "Wasn't it dreadful?" "What?" "Why the looks of the people. Don't they look starved and utterly wretched? And did you *see* the beggars? Well, I thought Moscow dreadful, but Samara! I'll never forget those dreadful faces." It is true that the speaker was one of those who came to Russia determined to make what he saw fit his views. But the incident was typical. We speedily discovered, too, that for every divergence of opinion there were witnesses to be found—American, Russian, Communist, anti-Communist, together with a string of events and facts bearing out each thesis. One entirely reliable foreign correspondent assured us that the condition of the villages in the Ukraine was dreadful. "I could not find a happy village." Other witnesses testified to the exact contrary. A dozen competent persons declared that the lot of the entire peasantry was wonderfully improved. The next dozen swore that it was worse than before, especially during the last two years. Is it any wonder that writing on Russia seems the most difficult and perilous adventure in a journalistic career of more than thirty-two years?

—From Gropper's "Drawings of the U.S.S.R."

As to the contradictions in Russian life, it must never be forgotten that the Soviets claim to control one-sixth of the world's habitable surface. Russia is composed of a great variety of peoples, no less than 169 ethnic groups, according to the Russian Academy of Sciences, living under amazingly varied circumstances from the shores of the Black Sea to Vladivostok and the Lena Delta. This makes generalizing about it as difficult as it is to generalize about Maine, Texas, Arkansas, Massachusetts, or California. What holds true of one section does not apply in another. To say that the peasants of the Ukraine are suffering or prosperous means nothing as to conditions in Siberia or Azerbaijan. Here is another pitfall for the foreign observer.

III. The Paradoxes

As for the paradoxes, here are some of them:

The Russians are among the most lovable and kindly of people, eager to help others, and they are also capable of extraordinary cruelty and brutality.

The peasant Russians have been declared to live a life more nearly Christian in their attitude toward one another than is to be found elsewhere. But the peasant has also been a drunken wife-beater, capable of shocking ferocity toward others and of cruelty to his animals.

The Soviet government is perhaps the most honest in the world; the Russians themselves, outside of the cities, are all too generally given to thieving—a heritage from the Czars.

The Russians are capable of conceiving and of executing efficiently projects of an extremely far-reaching character. They run their trains and trams and boats efficiently and on time. They have built an efficient army. Yet individually and collectively they are often maddeningly inefficient with the inefficiency of a child-race which has no sense of time. But the Soviet government is the only one that has made inefficiency in office a crime. One may plead the best of intentions and prove one's complete loyalty, but if he has been guilty of inefficiency of a character to delay an important public work the official faces a term in prison.

Thus some of the paradoxes.

But if one is on guard against all these difficulties, there remains the necessity of some knowledge of the history of Russia and the background of the present regime. The average foreigner goes into this great empire in order to measure its conditions by those that he left behind in Germany or France or the United States. He forgets—if he ever knew—that the Russia of the Czars was one of the wickedest and most infamous governments in the history of the world. He forgets—if he ever knew—that Russia was in 1914 at least fifty—yes, seventy-five—years behind European countries in education, in social legislation, in science, in industry, above all in freedom. On top of this came the all-wrecking World War with its horrible slaughter of Russian manhood. After that followed the horrors of three years of civil war—a most dreadful civil war, the terrors and waste of which cannot be measured until one goes to Russia. Russians can pass over the slaughter of the World War. They shudder today over the civil war, supported and instigated as it was by the Christian Allies and our own United States.

It is thus only seven years that there has been peace in Russia—only seven years since there was the most dreadful famine. Yet the average foreigner blames upon the Bolsheviks the inevitable consequences of war-time anarchy and bloodshed, of famine and pestilence. He censures because in seven short years the Bolsheviks have not performed miracles—or rather more miracles; for some, in my opinion, they have achieved. He, consciously or unconsciously, is outraged because, taking over a situation of the utmost desperation, they have not, within only eighty-four months of peace, brought Russia to a standard of happiness, efficiency, and prosperity comparable to that of Germany or France or England today, although pre-war Russia never even approximated those standards. He declares that the Bolsheviks have failed or will fail because Moscow is not like New York or so well paved as Boston; because Samara or Saratov or Stalingrad are without the creature comforts of Detroit or Denver or Des Moines. What he fails to ask is, what was

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life in Samara or Saratov or Stalingrad for the worker under the Czars?

Finally, we, the members of the party organized by the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, saw Russia from the car windows of our special train, save when we were in Moscow, or Leningrad, or on a Volga river steamer for five days at the end of last July. In the cities that we visited we inspected one industrial plant after another. We traveled approximately 9,000 kilometers (6,000 miles). We never saw a Russian village or talked with any peasants. Only a few of us could speak any Russian. We were dependent upon interpreters furnished by the official Russian travel bureau, most of whom were deficient in their control of the English language. We could not study any one problem such as education, or the press, or the prisons, or finance and banking. While we were not prevented from asking anything we liked, or seeing anything that we wished to, or talking with any people we met or went by ourselves to call upon, we were naturally as circumscribed as tourists must be who cover a large amount of ground in a given time according to a program set, in this case, not by the Russian government, but by our American guides in connection with and by the aid of the Russian travel bureau, the "Intourist."

The views set forth in this series of articles, gathered in this way, will bear their limitations on their face. They are offered with full understanding of their inadequacy, with a feeling of hopelessness that a great deal worth while can have been obtained thus; for the multitude of impressions won was overwhelming and the awesomeness of this tremendous human undertaking makes hesitation inevitable in recording any judgment. For it is, without question, the greatest human experiment ever undertaken. This, of course, entirely apart from the question whether one believes or does not believe in communism; I, for one, cannot yet give up my faith in democracy and the liberal principles which, however often they may be honored in the breach in America, were intended to control and shape our American life.

IV. The Nature of the Task

What the Bolsheviks have essayed is obviously not, as so many people assume, the mere changing over of a going concern, of a modern industrialized, capitalized state into a communistic one. They have had, first of all, to repair the damage everywhere done by a world war, by a civil war, by famine and pestilence At the same time they have had to tear down the old religious and governmental systems in order to build up a great federal system of allied republics on political lines never before attempted. Next they have set themselves the task of lifting a nation in which only 20 per cent of the people were literate, out of the ranks of the analphabet nations; this they expect to do in less than fifteen years. Simultaneously they have provided a whole vast code of new laws governing every human relationship. Turning to industry, they have set out to modernize the entire antiquated industrial machine inherited from Czarism—a machine never adequate to Russian needs. But they have gone far, far beyond this. Under their ambitious five-year plan they are creating new industries, power plants, factories of every kind in order to raise Russia literally overnight to the industrial level of the United States —not that of England or Germany—and to man industry with labor which heretofore has never handled modern tools.

Nor is this all, for this plan involves changing the character, the human nature, of the Russians by teaching them honesty where they are dishonest; efficiency where they are inefficient; giving them social liberty where they were enchained. It involves, moreover, striking from them the fetters of a rotten, an utterly corrupt church which, steeped in superstition and bigotry, was merely a degraded tool of the Czarism which supported it and was in turn upheld by the priesthood it controlled. Finally, this Gargantuan task involves the readjustment of the most delicate social relations of 150,000,000 citizens, as it does the readjustment of all the groups that live under the Soviet flag. This, I repeat, is the most stupendous governmental feat ever undertaken—the social, moral, political, industrial, economic emancipation of a people and its reorganization upon the basis of service to society and to the nation, with the profit-making motive suddenly removed from the individual. These Bolsheviks are playing for the greatest of stakes. If they win, they will by their example of a successful communist state affect every government under which reside thinking men. No man is wise or far-sighted enough to foretell what will come. It suffices to say that the minority which controls the destiny of Russia is on its way with extraordinary and completely unselfish devotion, with the fiercest determination to succeed at any cost and to smash every person or group that may seek to interfere with the progress of its plans.

V. The Power of the Leaders

They are on their way. No observer, whatever his prejudices or preoccupations, can fail to be impressed with the remarkable ability of the men in charge, their vision, their vitality and vigor, their objectiveness, their passion for their cause. Fanatics? Of course they are. Who else but fanatics would have the courage needed for the task or could be relied upon to drive through to the end without essential compromise? Who but fanatics would have dared to essay so stupendous a task with the odds all against them? Who but fanatics would have the faith to believe that human nature can be made over in a short space of time? Who but fanatics would dare to face the hostility of organized society throughout the world because of their purpose to eliminate the profit motive and to declare the end of private property, which everywhere else is held to be the cornerstone of the family and therefore of the community, the nation, and the state? No timid or half-way reformer could suffice for such a task.

They are on their way. By means of dictatorial powers, by force, by the use of exiling and drastic executions, by the use of all the means of repression to which Mussolini also resorts so freely and so basely. But with this difference: the Bolsheviks are working for the good of the masses of the working people. Their great aim is to give them vast opportunities for work, to give them clothes, tools, the leisure for rest and culture, the use of modern inventions, education; they seek to uplift them. Mussolini seeks nothing but the development of a new imperial Power in Europe, the increase of the nationalistic spirit, the further intrenchment of capitalism, of industrialism, of militarism, of government for and by the few who are privileged. No sincere democrat, no progressive, no humanitarian can fail to prefer the Russian experiment of the two autocracies, however much he may dissent from its cruelties and its intolerance.

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The Big Show in Washington

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, October 26

CONTRARY to earlier fears, it becomes increasingly likely that if any tariff bill is enacted into law by the present Congress, either at this session or the next, it will be enacted in a form that will not too flagrantly assault the nostrils of mankind. The record of the Democratic-Progressive coalition in the Senate thus far, while marked by some lapses, seems a sufficient guaranty that the final draft will bear little resemblance to the charter of piracy which issued from the House, and may even represent an improvement over the existing law. By the same token, opposition to it in the end may be expected to come from the Administration rather than from the other side. Certainly it would be an ironical turn if the bill were finally killed by the President who called Congress into special session expressly to enact it, but it is entirely possible. The deletion of the flexible provision, in the face of his earnest plea for its retention, undoubtedly cooled any ardor which Mr. Hoover may have felt for the measure, and the inclusion of the debenture plan, in the face of his vehement denunciation, makes it positively repugnant to him as it stands. As a matter of fact, the debenture was put in for trading purposes. When the bill goes to conference, the House conferees will be told that the Senate is ready to sacrifice the debenture if the House will agree to sacrifice the flexible clause. Since the presence of the debenture is even more offensive to the Administration than the absence of the flexible provision, the House can have but one choice. It can hardly insist on having its way in both instances. If it does so it will be a safe guess that the President has sent word to the House leaders that he will take all or nothing, in which event the bill probably will die a natural death.

* * * * *

MR. HOOVER has chiefly himself to blame for his present dilemma in the matter. Throughout the long summer months when the committees were laboring over rates, he flatly declined to give any intimation of his feelings. When his original request for limited revision was perverted into covering a multitude of increases, he still declined to raise a hand. His friends were left in doubt, his enemies were allowed to surmise the worst, and the interests bent on plunder accepted his silence as an invitation to go the limit. One would have supposed that his experience with the farm bill, where an identical course of silence ultimately involved him in painful and wholly needless controversy, would have taught him a lesson. Apparently it did not, with the result that he is now confronted on one hand by a dwindling group of his own party pledged to the support of an indefensible measure, and on the other by a successful coalition of his opponents bent on depriving him of powers which he already enjoys. And all—or chiefly—because he would not speak out in the beginning. Of course, the possibility remains that the coalition, under the pressure of local self-interest, may permanently crack—just as it temporarily cracked the other day long enough for the manufacturers of calcium carbide to slide off tackle with a duty of one cent a pound on a product of which the country exports twice as much as it imports—but such a debacle is not to be anticipated. Much bait for Southern votes has been distributed through the bill by that shrewd and pious priest of protection, Reed Smoot, but hardly enough to decide the final issue.

* * * * *

THE act of Senator Hiram Bingham in introducing a stool pigeon of the Connecticut Manufacturers Association, disguised as his own secretary, into the secret sessions of the Finance Committee, continues to provide the subject of an interesting controversy. The debate turns on the color of the Senator's motives—whether he was a willing tool or merely a blind one. By those who contend that Bingham knew exactly what he was doing, it is pointed out that he is over twenty-one years of age and a former member of the Yale faculty. The pains which he took to conceal the transaction, moreover, are cited as evidence that he recognized its reprehensible character. The opposing school argues that the fact that a man has been a professor is no evidence that he has any sense of propriety; that, on the contrary, every act of Bingham's since he entered the Senate has shown beyond question that he is too deeply infatuated with himself to be a competent judge of his own actions. It is a nice question, and there is a great deal to be said on both sides. It was a notable fact that Mr. Joe ("Stick 'Em Up") Grundy, daddy of all the lobbyists, came off much better from his encounter with the Senate lobby investigators than had the smug Bingham. "Sure, I'm a lobbyist—what of it?" was the burden of his thoroughly hard-boiled rejoinder to their questions. He had no hesitancy in saying that he had raised $700,000 to elect the Republican ticket in 1924, and a similar sum for the same purpose in 1928, and he made no bones of his belief that to the purchaser belongs the merchandise. Uncle Joe made few pretensions to patriotism—he was, and is, working for the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association, and his business is to raise the tariff as high as it can be raised on the products which they make and sell. The committee was so stunned by his candor that it omitted to ascertain what views, if any, he harbors toward the ethics of that business.

* * * * *

IF there is one thing, more than another, which makes it difficult to maintain a lasting enthusiasm for Herbert Hoover it is his capacity for mingling noble actions with others which are reminiscent of the late Calvin. Such a change of pace baffles his best friends. Undoubtedly it was a great day for common decency when he told the patronage panderers of Florida in their teeth that efficiency must govern the nomination of federal appointees and that the executive power would no longer be a party to their sordid game. This resounding blast deserved the florid encomiums which it elicited from such liberal organs as the New York *World*. Yet at the very same time, in response to demands from the patronage bosses of Pennsylvania, Mr. Hoover was

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desperately engaged in trying to place on the Federal bench in that State a candidate whose unfitness had drawn condemnation from almost every informed quarter, including that of the senior federal judge of the circuit. Concerning this briefless lawyer, one Albert L. Watson, it is sufficient to say that most of his practice had been in handling uncontested divorce cases, that for two years he abandoned it to become a bond salesman in another State, and that his principal sponsor and supporter is W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which has more than 17,000 employees and more than 2,500 miles of track—with a commensurate volume of litigation—in the district over which Judge Watson would preside. The fact that he would owe his lifelong job to Mr. Atterbury would not, it was solemnly argued, influence the judge in deciding any case involving the Pennsylvania Railroad—a fact which, if true, establishes him as far fitter to hold court among the angels than in the middle district of Pennsylvania. Almost the only person who appeared to believe it was the President. The Senate, which must act on his confirmation, remains unconvinced at this date, and the Senate has repeatedly shown an uncomfortable inclination to do what it thought best, instead of saying yes to the President.

ON the subject of patronage, I am able to report that a quiet but interesting luncheon was given at the Capitol this week by Senator Frederick Collin Walcott, Connecticut colleague of the ill-fated Bingham. The guest of honor was Claudius Huston, new chairman of the Republican National Committee, and the ostensible purpose was to enable members of the Old Guard who had previously been denied that privilege to become acquainted with him. On the whole a pleasant time was had by all, but some of the guests took occasion to air certain grievances. It was remarked by such statesmen as Patterson of Missouri and Glenn of Illinois that the White House had been guilty of a lamentable neglect of Senatorial feelings in making federal appointments. It was intimated that in some instances Senators had received from the newspapers their first information about important appointments in their States. Mr. Huston's reply was calculated to console. He intimated that in future these statesmen would have less cause to complain. Unhappily, a doubt as to whether Mr. Huston spoke with Presidential authority lingered, and still lingers, in the Senatorial breasts. They heave wistfully for the departed days when the White House was inhabited by a Great Little Man who knew his politics, and took them seriously.

To Our Children—November 10, 1929

By WAITSTILL HASTINGS SHARP

TODAY is what your parents and ministers call "Armistice Sunday." You who are twelve, thirteen, and fourteen wonder what kind of Sunday that can possibly be. Today you will be hearing words like "Great War," and "November 11, 1918," and "end of the struggle for democracy." And perhaps you will notice that people look more serious than usual. You may see several mothers wearing gold stars on their dark clothes. Everyone in church will be thinking back over eleven years to 1918.

This is what "Armistice Sunday" means:

From 1914 to 1918 almost the whole civilized Christian world was at war Thirty nations were fighting on two sides. The people in these countries spent $250,000,000,000 and the lives of ten million soldiers in these four years. Besides these ten million soldiers who lost their lives, 3,500,000 people who stayed at home died too. These were babies and old fathers and mothers who could not get enough food and heat and who died of disease.

In the state of Prussia, in Europe, 800,000 babies and old people died because the British battleships would not let boats from Norway and Sweden take food to Germany. The bones of the children were soft and many children had no teeth because they could not get the right food to eat for building bones and teeth.

Thousands and thousands of people froze in the snow of Russia or died of thirst and starvation in Southeastern Europe and Asia Minor.

The soldiers did not march with flags and drums or ride around on beautiful horses. They dug holes and trenches and hid in the earth except when they were fighting with bayonets. For four years millions of men lived and fought and died in these two lines of trenches which ran parallel from the North Sea to the Alps. All day and all night they shot at each other across a space about 500 feet wide, called No Man's Land. Now and then they would jump up out of the ground where they were hiding and run across to the other soldiers' trenches and cut the barbed wire and try to kill the other soldiers with knives about sixteen inches long fitted to the end of their rifles and called bayonets. Or they would try to blow the enemy soldiers to pieces with bombs.

All these soldiers were Christians.

There were also some Mohammedans and some Buddhists and some Japanese and some savages from Africa whom the Christians taught to fight in this way.

The soldiers did not know the names of the other soldiers. The other soldiers had never done them any harm. But they were ordered to shoot the other soldiers. Sometimes they burned them alive with flame throwers. Very often they poisoned all the air with a cloud of deadly gas and killed the other soldiers in this way. Soldiers on both sides did this. Their generals told them to do it.

The English and French and Americans thought that they were right. They thought that they were defending their countries. Their priests and ministers led them in prayers to God to help them kill the Germans.

God helped. More than a million German boys and men were killed in battle.

The Germans and Austrians and Turks and Bulgarians thought that they were right. They thought that they were defending their countries. Their priests and ministers led them in prayers to God to help them kill the English and French and Americans.

God helped. Almost two and a half million French and English and American boys and men were killed.

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Submarines blew up great liners with torpedoes. Thousands of people were drowned. One day one submarine sank four battleships near Constantinople. Four thousand sailors were drowned.

Fifty-three thousand American boys were killed in battle. Acres and acres of white crosses mark their graves in France.

Many thousands of soldiers died in camps from disease or were crippled for life.

Airplanes and zeppelins flew over cities and dropped bombs on the people and blew up their homes.

Museums and libraries and cathedrals hundreds and hundreds of years old were burned down or blown up.

Half the world made all the land and the sea and the sky just as deadly for the other half as it could.

On November 11, 1918, the German generals gave up the war. Two hundred and fifty billion dollars had been spent to kill thirteen million people in four years. The great cannon were quiet. Everyone said: "The war is over!"

A Gold Star mother is a woman whose boy was killed.

If you see a big grown man wipe tears out of his eyes in church today, perhaps you will find that he was a father and had a boy sitting beside him once and hoped to have a boy sitting beside him when he was old.

Now he has only a memory.

There is a chance that you will see one of these fathers in church today. There are five million of them in the world.

In the Driftway

IN an address before the English-Speaking Union in London the other day Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral made the prediction that 200 years hence the United States would be in no sense an Anglo-Saxon country. The old stock was dying out, he said, not only relatively but absolutely, in spite of immigration laws designed to preserve it. The prediction is a safe one in view of the fact that the United States is not now—perhaps never was—an Anglo-Saxon country in any but a limited sense. There has always been a substantial—and increasing—admixture of other races. At the same time, it is true that the country has been, and is, under Anglo-Saxon dominance, and it is doubtless the passing of this to which Dean Inge looks forward, apparently with regret.

* * * * *

DEAN INGE is not the first one, of course, to predict the passing of Anglo-Saxon dominance in the United States. A quarter of a century ago Charles E. Woodruff, then a major in the medical corps of our army, predicted the disappearance in the United States not only of the Anglo-Saxons but of the entire North European stock—an elimination of the blond, blue-eyed, fair-haired type. Major Woodruff became interested in the subject because of his work in the Philippines, and set forth his theory in a book called "The Effects of Tropical Light on White Men." He came to the conclusion that the tropics were unfavorable to white men not because of the unusual heat, but on account of the greater light, due to the more direct and intense radiation of the sun in the lower latitudes. Dark skins, dark hair, and dark eyes, he asserted, were nature's method of protecting men from the violence of tropical light; the color of the human race varied according to the latitude in which a given group lived rather than according to origin or other considerations.

* * * * *

IT is not necessary to accept Major Woodruff's thesis in its entirety to agree that at least he is correct in his contention that the United States as a whole is climatically hostile to a blond of the pronounced type. Whether it is the light or the heat or something else, one sees here only rarely that fresh, transparent type of blond which is so common under the cool, cloudy skies of England, while the American woman who goes to the tropics is seldom able—no matter what soap she uses—to "keep that schoolgirl complexion." Probably Major Woodruff's theory can never be proved or disproved, because the immigration of dark-hued races into the United States has been so great in recent years as to vitiate any conclusions that might otherwise be drawn from the relative number of blonds and brunettes. As for the Drifter, he is only mildly interested one way or the other. If the Anglo-Saxon type is on the way to extinction in the United States, that proves that it has done its work and that something else is better suited to the needs of the America of the future. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Dinosaurs of 1929

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recently I took two of my nieces to the National Museum in Washington and while there we spent some little time in the room in which are found the fossil remains and reproductions of the dinosaurs and other prehistoric animals. One of my companions, in her early teens, remarked in substance that she would not want to have lived when such creatures were upon the earth. A moment later, however, she added thoughtfully: "But perhaps they were no worse than automobiles."

Kensington, Maryland, October 10 C. W. BROOMALL

One View of Culture

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Wilm in The College and Main Street essays to tell us what is wrong with the colleges. It's the students, he says—fraternities, athletics, low salaries of professors, the marking system, honorary degrees.

What he wants is "culture" and "scholarship." But what is culture in the professor's opinion? He turns from Dr. Frank Crane and Henry Ford to "the sentences of Montaigne and of Emerson." Style for him is the "ultimate morality of the mind." He places "the annual Greek play" as "the most important event of the year" in his college.

Has Professor Wilm never heard of John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, Thorstein Veblen, Anatole France, Sidney Webb, James Harvey Robinson, or Bernard Shaw? Has he never read "Progress and Poverty" or "Democracy and Education"? What intelligent person or what raw freshman, for that matter,

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gives a hoot for his Greek plays and narrow class culture?

What is needed in our colleges is not more money for degree-decorated morons who are worshiping style and "the sentences of Montaigne," but a college that is an integrated social unit and teachers who are alive to the ebb and flow of ideas and energy in the modern world. There lies culture, often stifled, it is true, in poverty, disease, and ignorance, or "higher education," but respondent, possibly, to the leadership of courage and intelligence. "Cultural background." Rot! Cultural foreground is what is needed.

Detroit, Michigan, October 10 MACK P. MONROE

Frank Harris

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I shall be greatly obliged if you will permit the use of your columns to request those who have any material bearing on Frank Harris to communicate with me. I am preparing a biography of Mr. Harris and for that work I have received the assistance of most of those now living who are depicted in the "Contemporary Portraits." I am especially eager to procure transcripts of letters from him, reports of meetings, and conversations. Send communications to 1421 South St. Louis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Chicago, September 29 ELMER GERTZ

Democrats and Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Considering the assurance with which your Louis Francis Budenz wrote about Pennsylvania politics in the issue of October 2 he went rather far astray when he said that Pennsylvania went Democratic for the first time since the Civil War in 1924 when, adopting Mr. Budenz's view of the result, William B. Wilson defeated William S. Vare for the United States Senate. Leaving out of the picture others who from time to time have been counted out, Pennsylvania twice elected Robert E. Pattison governor and George Berry was elected state treasurer. About the time Pattison was first elected governor the Democrats had control of the legislature and sent William A. Wallace to the United States Senate.

Fairmont, W. Va., September 28 J. C. H.

The Color Line

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While I fully share the indignation aroused by the Rev. Blackshear's action toward his Negro fellow-Christians, I have to smile cynically remembering that what this young man has done is practiced unrebuked throughout the entire South by ministers of all Protestant denominations with the full approval of millions of our fellow-citizens. Negroes are deprived not only of membership, on equal terms of belief, in all Protestant churches, but of most economic opportunities. But nothing is done about it. On the contrary, our Northern church denominations are reaching out the hand of fellowship and inviting organic union with Southern organizations every member of which entertains the same despicable, un-Christian attitude as this young man in Brooklyn.

Good may come of this evil thing if it causes men to examine their minds and cast out racial animosities.

New York, September 19 BENJAMIN MACMAHON

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Books, Music, Drama

Autumn

By CARLETON DREWRY

When the cool hours
Curving down the day
Measure a slow mellowing to decay,
Something will draw our eyes
To dream beyond the meadow and the hill
In distances past knowing, past surmise,
Till the mind grows quiet
And intent and still.

Now is no hope to harass,
No grief that needs be said
Over the dreams that pass:
All is undying when dead.
Now desire is done
Under the touch of the sufficient sun.
Freed of all frenzy and bewilderment,
We taste at last a calm futility,
A casual content.

From Lossiemouth to Westminster

J. Ramsay MacDonald: Labor's Man of Destiny. By H. Hessell Tiltman. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $5.

MR. TILTMAN'S book is probably as good a biography of the British Prime Minister as could well be written at this stage of Mr. MacDonald's career. It is somewhat old-fashioned in plan, but it offers a detailed record of the events of Mr. MacDonald's life, incorporates in the narrative extended extracts from his writings and speeches besides some ninety pages of similar matter in appendices, tells a good deal about the political situations of which he has been a more or less important part, and dwells in general with discretion upon personal traits and habits or the incidents of family life. Nothing that it contains, we are assured, has been "inspired or suggested" by Mr. MacDonald. The obvious limitation of the book is one which inheres in every biography of a person still living, namely, the inability of the author to follow some things through and let us see how they came out. Within this limitation Mr. Tiltman has done a very creditable piece of work, and the reader who wants to know what Mr. MacDonald was doing at any particular time, the more patent features of the political struggles in which he has engaged, or the political aims which he and his party have sought to realize, will find a reasonably satisfactory answer somewhere in the 456 pages of this book.

Whether, in addition to the record of facts, Mr. Tiltman has succeeded in drawing a picture of Mr. MacDonald that will be accepted as satisfactory is not so certain. It may be assumed that he undertook to do so and that he was not unaware of the difficulty of the task. The fact is, of course, that Mr. MacDonald makes upon the public of Great Britain, and to some extent upon that of other countries as well, two sharply contrasted impressions. To far the larger number of those who know him or know of him he stands out as the devoted and magnetic leader of the British Labor Party, a firm believer in the principles of socialism, and a staunch but persuasive advocate of universal peace. His political followers see in him a man who rose from the humblest circumstances to the highest political leadership that his country has to offer, a zealous worker for his party, and an effective orator and skilled parliamentarian. To such he is, by and large, the best and most interesting embodiment of the Labor Party ideals, whatever those ideals are. A smaller, more intimate, and more observant group look upon him as a man of unusual culture and intellectual refinement, dignified, reserved to the point at times of coldness, preferring books and the society of his friends to the noise and hustle of politics, a gentleman rather than a commoner, but withal, a politician and statesman.

The reader of Mr. Tiltman's book will be likely to gather, and rightly, the impression that Mr. MacDonald is in fact both of these things, and something besides. As far as fundamental political principles are concerned, Mr. MacDonald has carried on the tradition of compromise which a Liberal England regards as the height of practical political wisdom. Only in England could a Socialist party, grounded theoretically in opposition to capitalism, have worked its way to control of the government without throwing the country into a panic of fear lest a revolution should presently be launched. The reason is that Englishmen are not much given to theorizing and hence are not easily driven to extremes. Mr. MacDonald's socialism has about it very little that in the United States would be accounted radical. It was not as a dangerous enemy of the established economic or social order that Mr. MacDonald was recently welcomed at the White House or applauded by bankers and business leaders in New York. His progress from the slow methods of the Fabians, through the more aggressive radicalism of the Independent Labor Party, to the headship of a Labor Party bulwarked by trade unionism has been marked by an adaptation of theories to the apparent necessities of practice. When he wrote, in 1906, that "an essential feature of the Socialist state" will be "the common ownership of all those forms of property in the use or abuse of which the whole community is more interested than private individuals, and the employment of such property for common ends and not for private profit," he laid down a definition loose enough to admit of a vastly greater measure of government ownership or control than Britain, file leader in some respects of the socialization of industry and common life, has yet seen; but it is as the friend and aider of the general welfare, and not as the potential destroyer of capitalism and all its works, that the Labor Party today dominates the British political situation and summons the world to peace.

Yet it may well be questioned whether Mr. MacDonald would have been able to impress himself upon the British people as he has if he had not been one of those leaders whom someone has aptly characterized as intellectuals with revolutionary sympathies. Mr. Tiltman, apparently, would have us believe that the aloofness and mental abstraction which attach to Mr. MacDonald, together with the stout adherence which he has often shown to a course which he believed to be right, are to be ascribed to heredity. "He is the descendant of Highlanders—aloof, reserved, inclined to obstinacy and intolerance —and this accounts for the fact that there are few in this country who can give him the complete appreciation to which, as one of the greatest warriors for an ideal, he is entitled." Doubtless heredity plays its part, but the better explanation of Mr. MacDonald's leadership, I think, is that he is at once an intellectual and a consummate politician. It is the union of both those qualities that has made him a revolutionary whom sensible Englishmen do not fear. His rise from poverty and narrow opportunity to the leadership which he now enjoys would have been impossible had he not possessed rare intellectual power, but he has also learned that the demands of

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New Book Club Cuts Price of Month's Leading Books to 42c

By ARTHUR K. WHITLEY

NEVER before in the history of book publishing has there been so wide and varied a deluge of important—really significant—books. A recent list of best-sellers includes such names as Julian Green, Susan Ertz, John Galsworthy, Hugh Walpole. There is no doubt that American readers want good literature, and are willing to read any amount of good books—if they are within reach.

But so many books are published each year that it is almost impossible for the average reader to buy every volume he would like to own. As a result, hundreds of worthwhile volumes are overlooked—due to the "high cost of literature."

Why are books so expensive? Why can they not be sold as cheaply as magazines? This has long been the problem of a group of distinguished writers, educators and publishers.

The Writer said: "The author's earnings do not increase the price of good books. He would much prefer having 50,000 readers purchase his book for 42c a copy than only 5,000 at $2.50."

The Educator said: "Free public education has given the average citizen an appreciation of good books. More fine literature is being read today than ever before."

The Publisher said: "If enough buyers can be secured in advance, I can publish important new books, have them artistically designed, durably bound—and sell them for 42c a volume, or 1/6 the present prices."

And so the writer, educator and publisher conferred with printers, artists, distributors—*and worked out their plan.* The result is: *Paper Books.* This is a wonderful new book club that provides one outstanding volume a month—12 important, notable books a year—for the unheard of price of only 42c a volume! The books average 300 pages and contain as many words in as large type as the average $3 or $4 book.

Thousands upon thousands of readers who never dreamed that fine books, beautifully designed and printed could be sold for only 42c a volume, have already become charter members. After receiving their first two selections, "The Golden Wind" by Takashi Ohta and Margaret Sperry, a fascinating novel, and "Frederick the Great" by Margaret Goldsmith, a vivid, *full length* biography—letter after letter came to the Editorial Board expressing amazement that such a publishing feat could have been accomplished.

The New York *Times,* writing of the first Paper Book selection says: "Not only is 'The Golden Wind' remarkable for a most unusual and successful blending of East and West in romantic narrative, but its selection marks it as a portent in American publication. With cover and end-papers designed by Rockwell Kent, it is a distinguished piece of work, compounded of good paper, clear type and well bound."

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theories must be tempered to the conditions of practical politics if much that is important is to be accomplished. His devotion to peace, for example, goes much farther than opposition to war at arms; he is equally opposed to violent changes of any kind, realizing as many of his followers do not that the surest changes are gradual, that growth is better than dislocation, and that leadership of mind, shrewdly adapted to what the people from time to time will stand, is more lasting and beneficent than the dictatorship of mere authority. He is a revolutionary only in the sense that he looks confidently for a society radically different from that which Britain now has, but he knows history too well to take chances in breaking violently with the past.

If Mr. MacDonald's career is one that could hardly have been found in any other country than Great Britain, it must still remain an almost unique example of what may happen in politics when, in a really self-governing society, courage and ideas join hands. Mr. MacDonald's opposition to the World War was complete, and he was not numbered among those who, having opposed the war at the beginning, threw themselves into it afterwards as if patriotism was to be shown only by following the crowd. He opposed industrial conscription as firmly as he opposed war, protested against the atrocities campaign, lost his seat in the Commons rather than abandon his principles, and fought his way back to Parliament in the face of a systematic policy of silence in a hostile press. Mr. Tiltman, commenting upon his return to the House in 1922, after an absence of four years, and his restoration to his former position as chairman of his party in place of J. R. Clynes, remarks that "in the whole tangled skein of British politics there is to be found no more striking instance of a man plunged from power into the depths—into depths where he found awaiting him loneliness, hatred, obloquy, everything but dishonor—only in the course of time to be elevated once more to power and prestige far exceeding that he had formerly known."

It would be idle to urge very strongly that in his stormy and tumultuous career Mr. MacDonald has not always been consistent, that he has been less of a Socialist in practice than he may have been in his personal convictions, that he has sometimes hesitated, or that he has not accomplished all that he set out to do. Among national political leaders of the present moment he is preeminently the idealist in a world of hard facts; and therein, it would seem, lies much of the secret of his remarkable influence and the ground of hope in what he may yet do. Mr. Tiltman has not explained everything that one would like to have explained, and there is a good deal of British political history to be taken into the account beyond what he gives; an earlier anonymous appraisal by "Iconoclast" may still be read with profit; but he has at least given us the essential historical background of a statesman who is the most significant international figure in the world today.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Barrie and His Plays

Barrie. The Story of a Genius. By J. A. Hammerton. Dodd, Mead and Company. $5.

THE author of this biography is singularly sober in style, sparing in the use of superlatives and even of adjectives; yet he begs the whole question in his title—"The Story of a Genius." For surely that noun is higher than any accumulation of positives and comparatives. Yet Stevenson, who could not be accused of carelessness in the choice of words, applied that crowning appellation to Barrie more than thirty-five years ago: "I have no such glamor of twilight on my pen. I am a capable artist; but it begins to look to me as if you were a man of genius."

Although Barrie, in the phrase which Carlyle applied to Thackeray, was "writing for his life" in the early and middle eighties, his fame is exactly forty years old. It was in 1889 that "A Window in Thrums" appeared—clearly an addition to English literature. In 1891 "The Little Minister" gave its author a prodigious reputation as a novelist, made him independent of hack-writing, and eventually led to his success in the theater. His best novel is undoubtedly "Sentimental Tommy," which appeared in 1896, but the comparative failure of its sequel may have been owing partly to the fact that his heart was already given to the stage. "A Window in Thrums" and "Margaret Ogilvy" will not be forgotten; but today his fame as a novelist is overshadowed by that of his plays, which last year he collected in one volume and which have helped to make 1898-1928 the best thirty years in British drama since the death of Shakespeare.

There have been books written about Barrie, notably by H. M. Walbrook and Thomas Moult, but this is the first carefully documented biography. Here we have a tall volume of nearly five hundred pages, copiously illustrated and concerned chiefly with facts. It does not profess to be a work of criticism, though the author candidly states his preferences; what he is after is to present a truthful account of the circumstances of Barrie's childhood, education, early struggles as a journalist, and a record of his later triumphs. Mr. Hammerton was himself educated at Glasgow and during a long career has been journalist, editor, and writer of books. In this biography he has striven faithfully to record only what is true—a difficult matter indeed; much of his time and space is devoted to annihilating the numerous myths and legends that necessarily accumulate around the career of a prominent creative artist, especially when the artist has done his best to keep out of the limelight.

Yet as no book is without errors, a few may be found in these pages. Alexander Woollcott, whose name is misspelled, is called "an English actor." What does Hammerton mean (page 109) by implying that Skelton and Nash were Restoration satirists? Inasmuch as he flattens out so many myths and repeatedly warns us to be careful in taking literally what so great a humorist says of himself, it is singular that he accepts (page 93) the story that went the rounds of the press describing Barrie's first meeting with Stevenson: they bumped in the street, nearly fought, etc. It is a pretty story, but Barrie himself told me there was no truth in it. Hammerton also gives (page 340) a picture of the house where Barrie wrote "Peter Pan," though Barrie himself cannot remember where he wrote it. Furthermore (page 419) he does not believe the statement that "Shall We Join the Ladies?" was originally intended to be the first act of a four-act play. It was, though, as I have the best of reasons for knowing; the author told me so in all seriousness. Mr. Hammerton adds that he does not believe even the genius of Barrie could have maintained the interest after such a first act; I have no doubt he could, for look at the third act of "Dear Brutus."

In his comment on the ending of "The Admirable Crichton" and the difficulty Barrie had in satisfying himself, further proof of this difficulty would appear if Mr. Hammerton would consult the three versions of the printed play. It was not until after 1912 that Barrie would consent to the publication of any of his plays, but now we have three texts of this particular masterpiece: the beautiful illustrated quarto of 1914, the first trade edition of 1918, and the collected edition of 1928. As no attention has been called to these three texts, and as they indicate the difficulty the author had, it is worth while here to quote significant passages, all dealing with the last moments of the play.

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"WHAT PROHIBITION NEEDS IS DISARMAMENT"

JANE ADDAMS

reviews a decade of

PROHIBITION

Survey Graphic for October was scarcely off the press when the western office of the A. P. wired for permission to send out the nib of it; the Franklin Square librarians chose it as one of the 10 outstanding articles of the month; the Literary Digest gave up two pages to condensing it.

Miss Addams writes from a neighborhood which saw the rise of bootlegger and hijacker; from a city which "holds the key to the rich trade of the West and the Northwest in whiskey, wine, gin and beer exactly as it does in wheat, hogs, furniture and more stable commodities." "It is big money that makes Chicago gang wars so murderous."

She compares the days of the corner saloons and the dry years of '19 and '21 with the "general unenforcement of prohibition regulations" and the issues we all confront in our American cities. She visualizes as no one else has done the economic structure and the human back-wash of an outlaw industry.

IMMIGRANTS UNDER THE QUOTA
by **JANE ADDAMS**

in November Survey Graphic again brings Miss Addams' name and that of the Survey Graphic into the list of ten outstanding articles chosen by Franklin Square judges. This is an interpretation, by our deftest master in social relationship, of the efforts of newcomers to America, to answer the old question—"Is the Universe Friendly?" Miss Addams is drawing on her

SECOND TWENTY YEARS AT HULL HOUSE

The first instalments are appearing in Survey Graphic. A great editor once spoke of her writings as "fresh-minted"—struck off from experience, searching in their philosophy, stamped with gentle courage and the candor of deep understanding. These new writings are fresh minted from larger dies, for her neighborhood has become the nation and the world.

SURVEY GRAPHIC

interprets

EDISON AND HIS LAMP

The bright side of swift social changes wrought by his invention, portrayed in the October Survey Graphic by *Waldemar Kaempffert* is singled out by the Review of Reviews for reproduction this 50th anniversary month. In a comparison article Martha Bensley Bruere carries a woman's candle into the dark corners left in our family budgets by the high cost of lighting.

RACIAL STAKES IN PALESTINE

The New Pilgrims in Israel as he met them in the Zionist colonies are portrayed by *John Haynes Holmes* and *An Arab Voice* is made articulate by *Elizabeth MacCallum*, who tells of Ameen Rihani, reared in Washington Street, lower New York, who has traveled up and down the Arab world in pursuit of a goal contrary to that of Laurence, the English adventurer.

THE ROOTS OF RAMSAY MACDONALD

the rise of the British Labour Party and his insurgent leadership in wartime and at the elections enter into a pageant of *Pittsburgh, Essen and Manchester* by *Paul U. Kellogg*. Three great modern industrial nations measured against each other with Energy, Liberty and Security as yardsticks.

NEW YORK'S REGIONAL PLAN IN A NUTSHELL

Robert W. de Forest, Thomas Adams and Robert W. Duffus give the pith and purpose of the great blue print of the future as it spreads before the millions at the mouth of the Hudson.

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Version of 1914. LADY MARY. "Do you despise me, Crichton?" CRICHTON. "Yes, my lady."

1918. LADY MARY. "Do you despise me, Crichton?" (*The man who could never tell a lie makes no answer.*)

1928. LADY MARY. "Do you despise me, Crichton? (*The man who could never tell a lie makes no answer.*) I am ashamed of myself, but I am the sort of woman on whom shame sits lightly." (*He does not contradict her.*)

Mr. Moult, in his little book on Barrie, says that "while no English-speaking writer is held in such affectionate regard by readers and playgoers alike, his genius has consistently been denied serious appreciation." Mr. Hammerton contradicts Mr. Moult point-blank; but leaving out the word "consistently," I am afraid there is some truth in the statement. I have no doubt myself that Barrie is a man of genius; that "The Admirable Crichton" and "Dear Brutus" are masterpieces; that "Peter Pan" is an addition to the world's permanent population of characters. But those who persist in calling Barrie "sentimental," "whimsical," "elusive," "wistful" are denying him a place in the front rank. In a speech to the dramatic critics Barrie suggested that none of these adjectives applied; that he was in fact a "realistic" writer, and I believe he is. Storm Jameson, in her thoughtful book "Modern Drama in Europe," says: "His work eludes definition as does the work of all men who are masters of their art. There is nothing like it in the whole of modern drama, and though to be unique is not to be great therefore, few will be found to withhold from Mr. Barrie any honoring word." Of his plays she says: "There is nothing sentimental in the mind that called them out."

Of all living men, Barrie is my favorite dramatist. His dramas are the dramas of ideas as distinguished from the dramas of opinions. With no preaching and no propaganda he has done more to elevate the British stage than any other man except Shaw, because he deals not with contemporary themes but with the things that are eternal—what Richardson called "love and nonsense, men and women."

Mr. Hammerton's book, while not particularly valuable for its literary criticism—he surprisingly admires Barrie's worst play, "Der Tag"—is indispensable as a biography. He admirably accomplishes what he set out to do: to give us the facts of Barrie's life and career from earliest childhood to the summer of 1929. There is an index, but there should also have been a bibliography. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Speculation and Loans

Wall Street and Washington. By Joseph Stagg Lawrence. Princeton University Press. $5.

IT was to be expected that the bitterness of feeling over the Federal Reserve's recent declaration of war on Wall Street's bull market should call out much vigorous speech and the pouring forth of much ink, but hardly that it would lead so soon to the appearance of a 468-page volume full of argument and data designed to prove the amazing incompetence of the authors of the Federal Reserve Board's famous public statement of February 5, warning the nation of the danger of speculative loans. The extraordinary vigor of Mr. Lawrence in marshaling arguments and information and completing his work so soon may find its explanation in the joy he appears to have found in the task. His is the spirit of crusade; of David going forth to do battle with Goliath. Wall Street is the righteous House of Israel that must have a champion; Washington the camp of the Philistines which wicked connivance has brought into array for the destruction of the stock market and all its virtuous bulls and innocent lambs. Mr. Lawrence makes his war, however, upon certain Senators as well as upon the board; upon a body of public men who have permitted "fanatical passions and provincial ignorance to find expression in unrestrained virulence." He centers his attack at the very start upon the irresponsible utterances of a "small group of flannel-throated fanatics" who have dragooned the members of the board into doing what they have done, and—here is a discovery—finds that with one exception these fanatics are staunch supporters of prohibition.

From this unconventional starting-point and in an atmosphere thus created Mr. Lawrence takes us through the mazes of credit theory and practice. The book is readable and even entertaining. Not only is there information on banking, credit, the money market, the stock market, brokers' loans, domestic and foreign trade, prices, profits, gambling, ethics, but there is bristling opinion on all these subjects. The book seeks to demolish popular and unpopular conceptions of the purposes of central banking authorities, goes into the details of banking technique, and discusses at length and (when not too heated) in a scholarly fashion the inter-related factors on which Federal Reserve policies are based.

Mr. Lawrence always has his sling ready to hurl a stone at the unsuspecting head of some hoary old economic theory. To him nothing is sacred simply because it is ancient. One old theory in particular—that we must have an adequate gold reserve—he shows to be historically fallacious; no two central banking systems in the world have ever interpreted the term "adequate" alike. Even as our gold reserves are now calculated, he asserts that if we were to use the rate of the nation's growth actually realized during the past year, our current reserves "would last until Gabriel sounded his final summons." Another theory that high money rates in themselves repress industry and break down business activity he cracks in a highly interesting fashion. Still another theory—that inflation occurs when business turnover moves forward more rapidly than bank deposits—he demolishes. He attacks the theory that a falling off in foreign loans must bring about a decline in the American export trade, but here he is not so effective. We know that Europe for years has bought much of the American output from the proceeds of American credits, and we expect it to buy less if funds are not readily provided.

There are various other theories outlined in detail and supported or attacked, but the one which Mr. Lawrence sets out with most gusto to explode is that over which most controversy rages today, namely, that brokers' loans must come down. The supporting argument that our gold supply is not sufficient to carry the great credit structure which has been reared, Mr. Lawrence calls "groundless and fanciful, or inspired." He traces competently the manner in which not only brokers' loans but other loans have grown, and then very properly asks why the growth in the buying of stocks on part-payment should have become so pregnant with sinister import while the same kind of buying of railroads, public utilities, farms, homes, radios, and refrigerators has met with approval. He concludes, and rightly, that there is ample gold under our system of banking and finance for all our credit requirements, and demonstrates with excellent logic what most experienced bankers have recognized, but what the public generally has missed, that it is not the danger to our reserves that should cause so much concern, but rather the character of outstanding credit.

Here he comes to grips with present-day Reserve Board policy, and incidentally has some fun with those who have wrung their hands because brokers' loans in Wall Street have increased so much that they are now in the neighborhood of seven billion dollars. Securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange have a present approximate value of 120 billion dollars; for every $100 of securities, $5.80 is borrowed through brokerage channels. As against this, for every $100 of farm

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property (not counting implements and stock) $9.10 is borrowed, while for every $100 of railway property the borrowed funds represent $57. That the Federal Reserve authorities have lately deliberately exceeded not only their generally acknowledged functions but also their statutory duties in attacking Wall Street loans while leaving others alone is the conclusion the author seeks to prove; whether or not he has succeeded is a matter of opinion. Fiat enforcement by propaganda and the swaying of market psychology, such as we have seen at the hands of the Reserve Board, were surely never intended by the authors of the banking act; still, the board and its protagonists seem to have justified themselves in their own eyes and in the estimation of a considerable part of the sober-minded public. It cannot be denied that stock-market speculation had gone to great lengths during the winter and early spring of 1928-1929, and that the time had come for the application of brakes on senseless gambling. The method used by the Reserve Board was not the best method; in all likelihood, if it had the task to do again, the board would choose a different course. The pity is that the March, April, and May deflation in stock-market prices was so drastic and hit so many innocent people.

HENRY HALL

The Third Rome

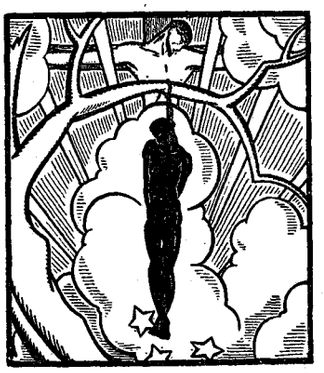
The Seven Vices. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by Arthur Livingston and Elizabeth Abbott. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes. $5.

FOR those who know Signor Ferrero as a historian and would learn his opinion of fascism his novel will be a disappointment. Neither by reference nor suggestion does he record his attitude toward the dictatorship of his native land. Nor is there a clue in either of the two volumes to suggest that his attitude to the present government in any way accounts for the writing of the book. In the long paragraphs that form a running commentary on the plot he pokes playful thrusts at the dignity of a world which pretends to pivot on truth and justice but which actually moves by power, chicanery, and passion. Apart from such mildly satiric reflections, which apply equally to democracies and autocracies, there is nothing to indicate that the author offers his work for anything but its literary value.

But if "The Third Rome" (the original title) is disappointing as theory it is even more disappointing as fiction. The great political and social novel of Italy at the end of the nineteenth century, the novel to complement the "Chartreuse de Parme," for instance, is still unwritten. Signor Ferrero has gathered the material, arranged it, threaded his characters through it, and made a woof of intrigues and personalities that is monumental in its effect and the ease and skill with which it is woven, but size alone cannot make it impressive. At the end of the book, when Susanna, who has furnished Rome with its chief gossip in 1895, has been vindicated, when Senator Alamanni's riches and shrewdness have won him his title, when Olievro's youthful humanitarianism has been whipped into firmer mold and the climax comes, it falls with no more weight than the denouement of a long, intricate, tedious piece of drawing-room gossip. The excitement, the sense of accomplishment that a good novel inspires are lacking.

The cause lies mainly in the author's attitude toward his material. He has approached his data as a historian and not as a novelist. He has misused the historian's chief faculty—the ability to fix characters and events in an exact and unique relation to time and space, to correlate all the facts of a given case to its immediate setting so that personalities and circumstances belong irrefutably to a specific moment and to no other.

"God's glory
and my country's shame"



One cried, "Where is the bastard hid?"
"He is not here."
It was a faint
And futile lie.
"The hell he ain't.
We tracked him here. Show us the place.
Or else..."

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So imbedded are the figures of "The Seven Vices" in their environment, in their special decade and city, that it is impossible to disentangle them as, for example, the Shrew may be unwound from the tapestry of the sixteenth century and put into modern dress and lose nothing vital thereby. Neither romance has transfigured them to delight our imaginations, nor realism translated them into the common experience of mankind to touch our sympathies. They stand like models in a museum, accurate to a detail, with a confusing, lifelike appearance, but they are imprisoned, they lack the true novelist's liberating touch, the stroke which will project them beyond their literary provincialism and launch them into the realm of cosmopolitan fiction.

Signor Ferrero has made a comprehensive and authoritative study of Rome under Crispi's rule; a study which, while lacking the endurance of a fine novel, nevertheless has significance as a historian's estimate of a generation whose sins have been visited heavily upon our own.

FLORENCE CODMAN

International Briefs

Survey of International Affairs: 1926 and 1927. By Arnold J. Toynbee and Others. Two volumes. Oxford University Press. Each $8.50.

Mr. Toynbee and his associates in the Royal Institute of International Affairs are producing a meaty and invaluable work of reference. As with the preceding volumes, the field covered is not confined to the years whose dates the present issues bear. The financial reconstruction of Austria and of Hungary, the admission of Germany to the League, the conditioned offer by the United States to enter the World Court, and the formation of the international steel cartel fall in the field of the issue for 1926; but half of the volume deals with the Far East. Mr. Toynbee has made an earnest and often successful effort to write an impartial history of the rise of the Kuomintang; unfortunately he had to rely frequently on reports to the London *Times* which reflected to a degree the prejudice of the British colonies in China. He gives an excellent history of the "Communist" uprising in the Dutch East Indies, and a valuable picture of Chinese immigration to the Malay lands. The 1927 volume includes a careful summary of the abortive Geneva disarmament conference, a shrewd analysis of Fascist foreign policy, a summary of the interminable Polish-Lithuanian dispute, a very anti-Bolshevik account of the decline of Russian influence in China, and a cynical story of "the titanic expansion of the financial and economic activities of the United States from end to end of the American continent" —a phenomenon which Mr. Toynbee compares to a Niagara Falls or a rushing prairie fire.

International Arbitration from Athens to Locarno. By Jackson H. Ralston. Stanford University Press. $5.

Judge Ralston has compiled a learned treatise, essentially legal in substance and style, on the theory and practice of international arbitration. He begins with a discussion of the general principles of judicial settlement between nations, including such topics as the legal status of international tribunals, the nature of the disputes which may be considered, and the usual procedure of deliberation and award; goes on to outline the history of arbitral tribunals from the days of the Greeks to the present time; and offers an elaborate examination of the work of the two Hague conferences and the so-called World Court. It seems strange that so learned a writer should commit himself to the proposition that the World Court, because the statute under which it operates "forms a protocol signed

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separately by the nations adhering to it," is "not a part of the League of Nations"; and his statement that the Court "has authority to render advisory opinions . . . at the request of the Council or Assembly of the League" is only a half-truth. The rendering of such opinions is mandatory under Article XIV of the Covenant. The most eminent American critic of the Court, David Jayne Hill, to whose writings on the subject Judge Ralston does not refer, has abundantly demonstrated that the Court is not, in any proper sense, a World Court, but a Court of the League.

Music

Toscanini's Wagner and Siloti's Liszt

EVEN in the career of super-conductors there are degrees of excellence and moments of almost uncanny inspiration when the interpreter seems to lose even the semblance of self and become wholly merged in the work he is endeavoring to recreate. Such supreme interpretation was contributed by Toscanini in his performance of Siegfried's "Rhine Journey" at Carnegie Hall on October 13. Under his baton this excerpt evolved into something more than a moving pageant of tone; it took on the accents of permanence and became translated, as Wagner intended, into the realm of the epic. Siegfried is here more than the hero; he is the symbol of eternal youth in relationship to the forces of love and nature. The result is tragedy, but tragedy cast in heroic mold, and it was this blending of youth and tragedy that Toscanini emphasized in both the recasting and the rendering of the "Götterdämmerung" score.

Unlike his predecessor, Humperdinck, Toscanini has joined the music of the Dawn and of the Incantation of the Norns to the later Rhine narrative by means of the second rather than the first half of the scene between Siegfried and Brunhilde. By this treatment the excerpt gains both in coherence and in dramatic fervor. Moreover, Toscanini's arrangement has reset these highly romantic pages so that they have gained in emotional directness while remaining faithful to the Wagnerian orchestration and losing none of their elemental eloquence. Is this not the final test of the transcriber's art—this ability to reclothe fittingly a composer's language—and does not the interpreter's task demand much of the same intuitive insight?

So at least it seemed to me in listening to Mr. Siloti's reading of another great romantic, Liszt. For, apart from the fact that there is something demoniacal in Siloti's playing, something that storms and sweeps past the usual barriers of expression, he imparted to the fine frenzy of Liszt's style an ennobling character which the average pianist fails to discover. In his paraphrase of the "Dies Irae" Liszt the prophet has found his true utterance in a music that soars and blazes, at the same time that it is free from the bombast and claptrap which mark some of his work. We have the almost mythical figure of Weimar, the man who held the musical world enthralled, gathering in his hand the diverse strands and tendencies of the musical romantic age and giving it a new direction. It is as the follower of such a personality that Siloti played at his concert in Carnegie Hall on October 15. His interpretation is memorable in these days of pyrotechnic and bravura pianism for its own sake.

Mr. Siloti's program included also the Emperor concerto of Beethoven and the B-flat minor concerto of Tchaikowsky, and to both of these compositions Siloti brought the tribute of his ripened art and amazing technical resources.

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Drama

"Boule de Suif"

EVERYONE who has ever taken a course in the short-story or owned a "Library of the World's Best Literature" knows Maupassant's old shocker "Boule de Suif." Alexander Woollcott and George Kaufman have now turned it into an entertaining play which will doubtless never be as famous as the original, but which might reasonably be called a good deal more sensible. By completely changing the mood while retaining the main incidents they have afforded a very pretty illustration of the fact that a plot is hardly more than a challenge to the intelligence of an author.

Maupassant's strongest point was his amazing power of invention. His collected works are filled with incidents whose ingenuity recalls that of the "Arabian Nights"; and when he hit upon the story of the patriotic prostitute who refuses to bed with a Prussian officer he accomplished one of the things which seem most difficult for a modern writer: he invented a new situation. Complicate it by adding a group of conventional people in the power of the officer who are led by their interests to persuade the prostitute to ply her trade; show them reverting to their original self-righteousness when the momentous transaction has been completed, and you have a story which, in its outline, is as unforgettable as any of the best traditional tales like that of the Ephesian matron or that which Boccaccio recounts of the falcon and the lady. But though Maupassant could tell stories superbly well his temperament was neither very delicate nor very subtle. He was violently patriotic, violently misanthropic, and (as this combination implies) distinctly deficient in humor. Hence "Boule de Suif" is made the vehicle for only the most obvious emotions. The prostitute is a nobly heroic creature, the Prussian officer is a pig, and the other inhabitants of the inn are despicable beings who are individually typical of that nation which, as the result of an unexplained paradox, it is one's duty nevertheless to love with patriotic fervor.

Now the story is so obviously dramatic as to invite retelling on the stage, but any sensitive person who undertook to retell it would soon perceive not only that it is blatantly obvious but that one can hardly propose the stubborn prostitute as a modern Joan of Arc to an audience whose sense of proportion does not happen to be, as Maupassant's was, considerably disturbed by the fevers of a war-time hatred. The story is not tragic and neither can it be transformed by pathos into that species of demi-tragedy which constitutes one of the varieties of the sentimental drama. Like the juggler of Notre Dame, Tallow Ball expressed her loyalty by the manner in which she proposed to practice her profession, and she had ethical scruples about entertaining an enemy alien, but this pathos also is tinged with the ridiculous. The more seriously one attempts to tell the story the more comic it becomes, and to discover that is to discover that the situation actually belongs to the realm of comedy. The man who invented it did not realize the fact, and it requires a good deal of boldness to borrow his story for purposes so different from his own, but that is exactly what Messrs. Woollcott and Kaufman have done. They have taken most of the main incidents but none of the spirit They have very skilfully transposed the whole thing into the key of comedy, and the fact that their play will stand analysis far better than the original story is proof that they were right in so doing.

They have called it "The Channel Road" (Plymouth Theater). The action begins when the party of fugitives arrives at the inn which serves as headquarters for the Prussian lieutenant, and it ends when, by a slight twist, the prostitute has been enabled to depart with the last laugh on her righteous companions. But the important thing is that with the change of little except the point of view the whole has been lifted out of the murky region of patriotic melodrama into the serene atmosphere of comedy. As soon as one forgets to be in a rage because the Germans instead of the French are winning the war; as soon, that is to say, as one uses one's head instead of Maupassant's heart, all the events fall into a new perspective. One perceives that they constitute a contretemps rather than a calamity and that the occasion is one rather for wit than for either indignation or tears. Messrs. Woollcott and Kaufman supply the lightness of touch which is necessary and the whole thing goes off with a ripple of laughter. Doubtless many serious persons will accuse them of having perverted the story but it was the original author who did that. "Boule de Suif" is startling, unforgettable, and preposterous; "The Channel Road" is slight and not tremendously important, but it uses intelligence to deflate a melodrama and it puts Maupassant's ingenious situation in exactly the category where it belongs. Incidentally there is one very fine performance—that by Siegfried Rumann in the role of the Prussian officer.

Mrs. Fiske has returned to Broadway in an extravagant but pretty continuously amusing farce called "Ladies of the Jury." In it she appears as a very clever woman who skilfully cajoles eleven other jurors into giving what is obviously a just verdict. Vincent Youman's new musical comedy "Great Day" (Cosmopolitan Theater) has two excellent dance tunes sure to be heard on many phonographs. It has also a thrilling chorus of colored singers, but it is only fair to add that the book is even lamer than most of its kind. "Naughty Marietta" is the third of the Victor Herbert revivals at the Jolson.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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The Crisis in East Africa

By RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

IT sounds sensational to say so, but it is none the less true that within the next few weeks the future of the entire continent of Africa may be decided by the British government. Ramsay MacDonald's Cabinet must decide which of two reports—which of two policies—in regard to East Africa shall be adopted. If the MacDonald Government decides in favor of white settlement in East Africa, it will mean the triumph of the plantation system, under which natives are reduced to wage-earners for white overlords, throughout the continent as a whole. If the MacDonald Government decides in favor of native development for East Africa, it will mean the strengthening of this principle in Belgian, Portuguese, and French territories.

Although the continent of Africa lies in the tropics, vast areas in the South and East have, because of their elevation, a semi-temperate and healthy climate, which makes colonization by Europeans possible. Stirred by the same impulses which led to the colonization of America and Australia, British emigrants have taken up their abode not only in South Africa, but in the Rhodesias and in Kenya. In this latter colony about 12,000 Europeans may be found—perhaps 3,000 families—who are attempting to spread the principle of white settlement into the adjoining mandated territory of Tanganyika. Declaring that every British settlement has sooner or later been given self-government, the Kenya settlers demand the abolition of the present system of crown-colony rule by a governor responsible to London. As a first step toward self-government they ask the establishment of a legislative council having a settler (or unofficial) majority. Once the goal of self-government for Kenya is realized many Britishers look forward to the establishment of a federation of the East and Central African territories (Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, Nyasaland, and Northern Rhodesia), a federation which would eventually become as independent of England as is the Dominion of South Africa today.

The question in East Africa comes to this: Will the native population, which outnumbers the white 400 to 1, be better or worse off as a result of the extension of white settlement and the granting of self-government to European settlers? This question may be answered by showing what has already happened to the natives in the British colony of Kenya. The two fundamental needs of a European farmer in Africa are first land and second labor. In Kenya much of the area now occupied by European farms consists of land the ownership of which was not claimed by natives at the time of the arrival of the white man. Nevertheless, the government authorities, under settler pressure, have alienated thousands of acres of land which was admittedly the property of the Kikuyu, Akamba, Nandi, and Wanyika peoples—without making any compensation to these tribes whatever. Likewise, through questionable negotiations, the government moved the Masai people out of the famous Rift Valley, where today will be found Kenya's most flourishing farms. If the British government had made ample provision for the native population elsewhere, these injustices might be overlooked. It is true that in 1926 the Kenya government finally published the boundaries of native reserves which could not be encroached upon without the consent of the Colonial Office in London. Nevertheless, the Kenya government in 1928 introduced a new land bill which authorized under certain conditions the leasing to Europeans of land within these reserves. Statistics show that it is only a matter of a few years, in view of the increase in native population, before the Kenya reserves will be inadequate for native needs as are the reserves of South Africa.

Many settlers and some officials look with favor upon this overcrowding, simply because it forces natives to leave the reserves and become wage-earners on European farms. So far, however, this indirect form of pressure has not been sufficient to supply the labor demand. Consequently government authorities have actively "encouraged" natives to leave their homes and to accept periodic terms of European employment. The result is that nearly 35 per cent of the native men are chronically away from their homes, their families, and their gardens—a larger percentage than in any other territory in Central Africa. The vast majority of disinterested observers agree that this labor system is demoralizing to native development. The Belgian government has laid down the principle in the Congo that not more than 10 per cent of the native men should be away from their homes at European labor centers.

If a Kenya native leaves his employer before the termination of the contract, he may be clapped in jail for the offense of desertion. In order to trace deserters, the government keeps the finger-print records of each native man and obliges him to carry a pass outside the reserve. A Kenya native is not even allowed to purchase land outside the reserve areas.

These conditions have come into existence while Kenya has been governed in theory from London. So strong, however, has settler pressure been that the officials on the spot have repeatedly given way. Some people argue that if the full responsibility for the government of the natives of East Africa were placed upon the local white population, it would realize the necessity of giving the natives a square deal. On the contrary, the experience of the American South and of the Union of South Africa has proved that when a white group gains complete political control—such as self-government involves—over a more primitive race upon whose labor and whose land it depends, the group will inevitably adopt policies which will promote white interests. It has been the principle of "imperial," or federal, control which has mitigated the hardships of the Negro in the American South. Had it not been for the safeguards of the federal Constitution, of the federal courts, and of the federal Congress the American Negro would not have progressed as he has during the past fifty years. The remarkable gains in Negro education were due originally to philanthropies which originated in the North. If the Kenya

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settlers succeed in extending white settlement throughout the rest of East Africa, the remarkable development of native life and tribal government in Uganda and Tanganyika is bound to come to an end. The fate of the native population of East Africa cannot be intrusted to self-interested settlers; responsibility for their welfare must rest with the British government at home.

In 1923 the Colonial Office made a formal statement to the effect that in Kenya "the interests of the African native must be paramount." Later it proclaimed the doctrine of Dual Development, namely, that both native and non-native interests in East Africa would be simultaneously promoted. The difficulty is that, as far as land and labor are concerned, these interests are in fundamental conflict, and hitherto the conflict has usually been decided in favor of the European.

In November, 1927, the Baldwin Government appointed a commission, consisting of Sir Hilton Young, Sir Reginald Mant, Sir George Schuster, and Mr. J. H. Oldham, to go to East Africa and study the demands of Kenya for further self-government and the proposal to establish a closer union of the five territories. In January, 1929, this commission published a report which is one of the most enlightened and far-reaching contributions to the inter-racial problem that has been made. The commission was primarily concerned in working out economic and social principles for East Africa which would insure to the native population the same opportunities for development that they elsewhere enjoyed. Secondly, it was interested in establishing a political system which would guarantee the application of these principles. The commission frankly declared that it was a duty of the British government to prevent conditions from arising that would hinder native development. It insisted that European immigration, European enterprise, and the recruiting of labor should be controlled with this end in view. The native population should be guaranteed an area of land adequate for present and future needs. The commission declared that the government should prevent the the destruction of tribal authority "until there has been time for the native people to assimilate the new ideas introduced by Western civilization and to adapt their institutions to new conditions."

The commission, moreover, was convinced that these principles could be applied only by more effective imperial control, not because the Europeans were not fit as individuals for self-government, but because of the conflicting interests between blacks and whites. While the commission consented to the establishment of an unofficial inter-racial majority, composed not only of settlers but of Indians and native representatives, it made this proposal depend upon the establishment of a High Commissioner with far-reaching powers over native policy throughout East and Central Africa as a whole. Each colony would have its governor and legislature, subject in certain matters to the veto of the High Commissioner. The commission also declared that it was essential to bring about greater uniformity in native policy. The duty of the High Commissioner, who would remain aloof from the pressure of local legislative bodies, would be to guarantee the uniform application throughout the whole of East Africa of those principles of native policy to which the British government was pledged.

The publication of the Hilton Young report caused a

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RUSSIA

by

Oswald Garrison Villard

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furor in East Africa, and it was not palatable to the Baldwin Government. Consequently this government adopted the unusual policy of sending out to East Africa a permanent official of the Colonial Office, Sir Samuel Wilson, to see whether the settler population liked the East Africa report! The reader of Sir Samuel's report, which has only just been published, will be astonished to find that nothing is said about the native viewpoint or the necessity of laying down clear and detailed principles of native policy. The "views" which Sir Samuel reports are predominantly those of the European community and to a lesser extent of the Indians. The Wilson report would withhold from the High Commissioner in East Africa all authority in regard to native policy and would merely confer upon him powers to unify such economic services as customs and railways. The Wilson report also recommends the establishment of a Central Legislative Council, containing a large settler element, to control the acts of the High Commissioner. This proposal would subject this imperial representative to local pressure, a situation which the Hilton Young report expressly wished to avoid. In other words, the Wilson report strikes out the guaranties which the Hilton Young report regarded as fundamental. The Hilton Young report points a way out of the East African dilemma. The Wilson report would simply perpetuate, if indeed it would not accentuate, existing evils.

In its proposals to terminate the British occupation of Egypt and of Iraq, the Labor Government has shown a sympathy toward peoples under imperial control and a courage in dealing with colonial problems which were lacking in the Baldwin regime. Those of us in America who have heard the sincere and even impassioned pleas for human betterment and for world peace of the British Prime Minister upon his recent visit, have faith that he will apply these ideals to the problem of East Africa, which is one of the most difficult inter-racial problems in the world.

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The readers of the *Nation* are especially invited by the Executive Committee to visit the Russian Bazaar at **17 West 57th Street,** which will be open from November 1st to December 31st, from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M.

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